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THE approaching season calls into service the stovetop man—a gentle reminder of an equal necessity for CLOTHING.

A. C. YATES & CO. 602-604-606 CHESTNUT ST. PHILADELPHIA.

M. C. SLOAN & BRO., BLOOMSBURG, PA. Manufacturers of CARRIAGES, BOGIES, PHAETONS, SLEIGHS, PLATFORM WAGONS, &c.

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE. Prices reduced to suit the times.

Advertisement for ELY'S CATARRH Cream Balm, featuring an illustration of a person and text describing the product's benefits for various ailments.

Advertisement for PARKER'S HAIR BALM, featuring an illustration of a person and text describing its benefits for hair care.

Advertisement for PARKER'S STIMULANT, featuring an illustration of a person and text describing its benefits for health and vitality.

Advertisement for PARKER'S WORKED WONDERS, featuring an illustration of a person and text describing a medical case.

Advertisement for ORNAMENTAL IRON FENCES, featuring an illustration of a fence and text describing the product.

Advertisement for S. M. HESS, featuring an illustration of a building and text describing the business.

Advertisement for FIRE INSURANCE, featuring an illustration of a building and text describing the insurance services.

Advertisement for H. G. Eshleman, featuring an illustration of a building and text describing the plumbing and gas services.

Advertisement for BLANKS, featuring an illustration of a building and text describing the printing services.

Advertisement for Scranton House, featuring an illustration of a building and text describing the dining and lodging services.

Advertisement for Victor Koch, Proprietor, featuring an illustration of a building and text describing the restaurant services.

Advertisement for HUNT'S KIDNEY REMEDY, featuring an illustration of a person and text describing the medicine.

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SELECT STORY.

NORTON BLAKE'S DILEMMA.

"Is it true, Norton? Is your uncle really dying?" The speaker's eyes were sparkling, her cheeks flushed, her fingers toying with the white ribbons of a baby upon her knee.

Words and manner struck Norton Blake hard. He threw down the telegram with a short "Yes."

"Are you sorry?" Mrs. Blake asked, in tart surprise. "Why, you've wished a thousand times I was mistress of the Court, and now there's baby. Shan't I feel proud when I see him in velvet knickerbocker's riding about that beautiful park, a white horse?"

Norton regarded her with amazement—her speech sounded so utterly heartless.

"Sorry," he repeated, slowly. "Surely, Myra, you forget that my uncle has filled a father's place to me from my childhood."

"Oh, no, I don't," she retorted, with a disagreeable laugh. "The filial respect you have always shown him. Also, I remember your many aspirations that Providence would allow the same—a calamity—to end this miserable connection. Really, Norton, you have neither courage to face the consequences of your own actions, nor to grip the deliverance Fortune sends you."

With a muttered imprecation, Norton Blake left the room. Experience had taught him the faculty of arguing with his wife, but through the evening long journey he had leisure in which to ponder over and debate the truth of her words.

The sudden shock of his relative's danger had acted like a douche of cold water on the physical organization of a drunkard, recalling to him the fact that he was a man with a sense of his own degradation.

Treated by his uncle with an indulgence shown by few parents, he had idled at school and scraped through college. He was no prodigy—neither a gambler nor drunk; yet his fatal propensity of procrastinating the moment of leaving care for the morrow had blighted the sunny prospect of a life whose crowning folly he was too cowardly to vow.

During a long vacation—supposed by his uncle to be passed with a tutor in Scotland—he met, at a fashionable watering place, a girl, superior in more than one respect to the young women of the town.

His uncle, who was a man of the world, and beneath him in birth and education, she was too keenly alive to the social advantages of matrimony, and an alliance with the heir of an old and wealthy country family to let him slip through her fingers.

By artifice, cajolery, and threats of appealing to the elder Mr. Blake—the best thing which could have happened to him, had he known it—she accomplished her purpose, and in a few days she was on her way to the continent.

Her name was Helen, and she was a girl of noble birth and noble mind. Her uncle, who was a man of the world, and beneath him in birth and education, she was too keenly alive to the social advantages of matrimony.

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Two Noted Ministers.

WHO HAVE WON FORTUNES AND WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT STAGE LIFE.

From Stage Whispers. "Billy" Emerson has recently made a phenomenal success in Australia, and is rich.

Emerson was born in Belfast in 1846. He began his career with Joe Sweeney's minstrels in Washington in 1857. Later on he jumped into prominence in connection with Newcomb's minstrels with whom he visited Germany.

He visited Australia in 1877 and on his return to America joined Haverley's minstrels in San Francisco at \$500 a week and expenses. With this troupe he played before her majesty, the queen, the Prince of Wales, and royalty generally.

After this trip he leased the Standard, the San Francisco, where for three years he did the largest business ever known to minstrelsy.

In April last he went to Australia again, where he has "beaten the record."

"Billy" is a very handsome fellow, an excellent singer, he dances gracefully, and is a true humorist.

"Yes, sir, I have traveled all over the world, have met all sorts of people, come in contact with all sorts of customs, and had all sorts of experiences. One must have a constitution like a locomotive to stand it."

"Yes, I know I seem to bear it like a man, but, really, it is not so easily taken with the perpetual change of diet, water and climate, and if I had not maintained my vigor with regular use of Warner's safe cure I should have gone under long ago."

George H. Primrose, whose name is known in every amusement circle in America, even more emphatic, if possible, than "Billy" Emerson, in commendation of the same article to sporting and traveling men generally, among whom it is a great favorite.

Emerson has grown rich on the boards and so has Primrose because they have not squandered the public's "favors."

Horses working in the field require watering more than three times a day. When a horse plunges its head deep into the trough, he has a good chance against the parasites which have pleased him at first reading; he has simply indulged a childish desire to express his gratification, and might as well clap his hands or stamp his foot as to dab a black scotch down the clean margin of the page before him.

Of the hundred drinks which are so easily taken as to drive the horses or lead them to the field in harness alone, and it would be a grateful change to carry a bunch of fodder along, to give them a mouthful when they rest at times. Regularity in watering them is a point which ought to be carefully observed, because the horse is so easily taken as to drive the horses or lead them to the field in harness alone.

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Raw Eggs for the Sick.

My speak of an article, says the Y. Y. Medical Journal, highly nutritious, easily digested, and retained, and but little used, viz: raw eggs.

The only objection to their use is the individual objections of the patients, and this only before the first is taken, for they seldom object afterward.

The French produce a large quantity of raw eggs, and these are used in one case within three or four months. It goes without saying that the egg should be carefully selected; and, indeed, for fear that one which has seen its best days should disgust the patient, it were better to prepare the egg out of his sight.

There was a fire in the Treasury last week. The city water works were comparatively useless at the time, and it is a wonder that the tons of valuable records and files were not destroyed.

In the attic of the Treasury there is enough manuscript records to cover the state of Ohio. The accounts and certificates of the national banks of the country are kept here, and had the fire got a headway it is hard to estimate the loss. Neither the Capitol nor the White House is fire-proof.

A gentleman, going his early rounds found him in the pool. He was carried back to the Court, and "Death by misadventure" was the verdict of the inquest. "Death through selfish weakness" would have been a truer one.

Mr. Blake never recovered the shock and disappointment of his nephew's death. He sank into a dotage, and for many tedious years Helen—a sad-eyed, prematurely-aged woman—was his devoted guardian.

The only bright thing in her life was Norton's little son, whom—humiliated, frightened and subdued by the dreadful result of her manœuvre—Mr. Blake had consented to relinquish and leave in Mr. Blake's charge, on the condition that his future would be provided for.

On an allowance, also supplied by Mr. Blake, she returned to the associates of her early life, and soon remarried to the not little satisfaction of others besides poor stricken Mr. Blake and his dear adopted daughter.

If the height of a Fall bonnet was proportionate to its price, the roofs of the theatres would have to be raised.

J. H. Mercer would especially recommend to the ladies Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets. As a laxative they have no equal. They are guaranteed to cure Chronic Constipation, Dyspepsia, and all diseases arising from a deranged stomach.

J. H. Mercer wishes to state that he has at last found an article he can sell on its merits. It is with pleasure he guarantees to the public Acker's English Cure for Asthma, Cough, Whooping Cough, Croup, and all Lung Troubles. It is the standard remedy for Consumption. I have never found its equal.

J. H. Mercer wishes to make an assertion, which he can back with a positive guarantee. It is